To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous?
Def. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Def. I will not leaue him now,
Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardneſſe to diſſemble:
How doe you *Deſdemona?*
Def. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moiſt my Lady.
Def. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moyſt, this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty: faſting and praying,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe deuout;
For here's a young and ſweating deuill here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Def. You may indeed ſay ſo,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts,
Def. I cannot ſpeake of this; come now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe chucke?
Def. I haue ſent to bid *Caſsio* come ſpeake with you.
Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.
Def. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Def. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Def. No indeed my Lord.
Oth Thats a fault: that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt reade
The thoughts of people; ſhe told her while ſhe kept it,
Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father In-